



APL COMICS

W\$ 6.99

GUILTY GEAR



**OFFICIAL GUILTY GEAR ANTHOLOGY
IS AVAILABLE... NOW!**

KONO HONWA DETA.R.MAY GOUMEN NEI

- Official Guilty Gear Anthology -

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<i>Paper Bags Are Neat</i>	—	Dababa (「紙袋って、いいな」- だばば)
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GUILTY GEAR -STRIVE- A.B.A joins the fight!		
Private School! Blazblue~ Academy		
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Puns on cover image:

Kono Honwa	—	This Bookis
DETA.R.MAY	—	RAN.DOM.NONSENSE
Goumen Nei	—	I'm sourry, eh

OFFICIAL GUILTY GEAR
AVAILABLE NOW

I don't need a new world order



GUILTY GEAR -STRIVE-

Smell of the Game

Perfume

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K. Sano

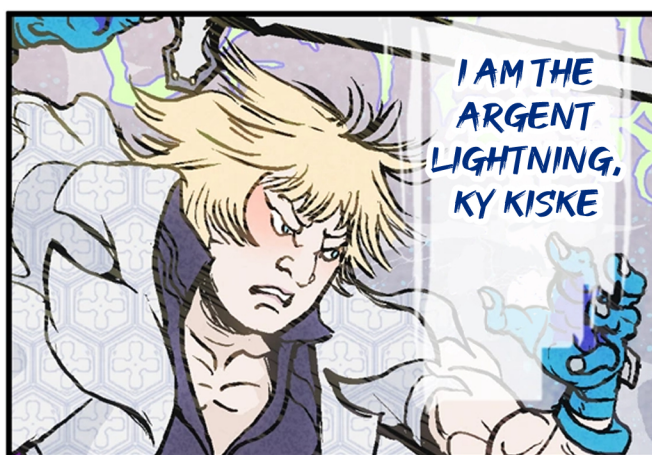
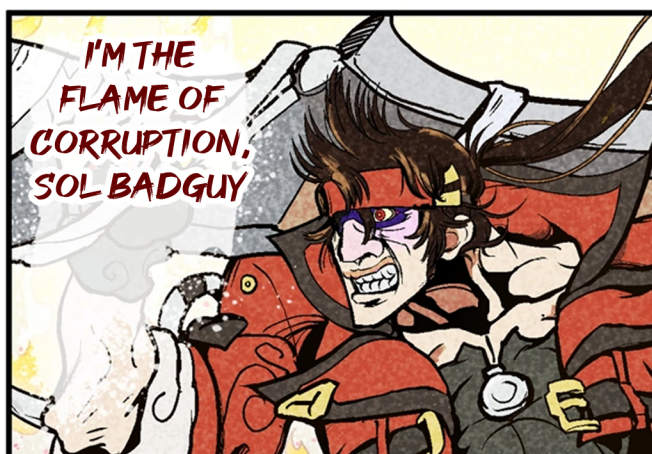
**I'VE GONE MY WHOLE LIFE
WITHOUT KNOWING ABOUT THIS**



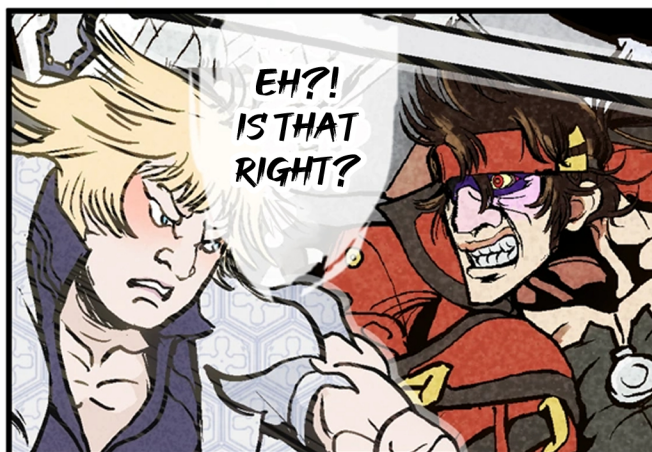
FX:
SIGH

**UKIYO SINFUL
MACHINATIONS**

6's G



FX:
AHH ...



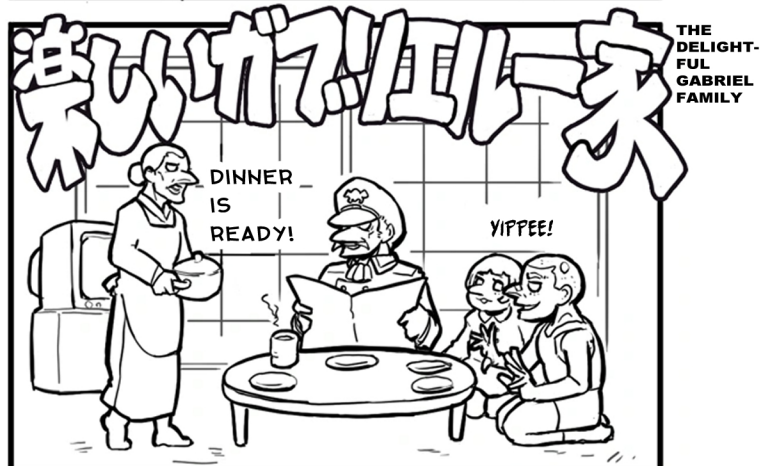
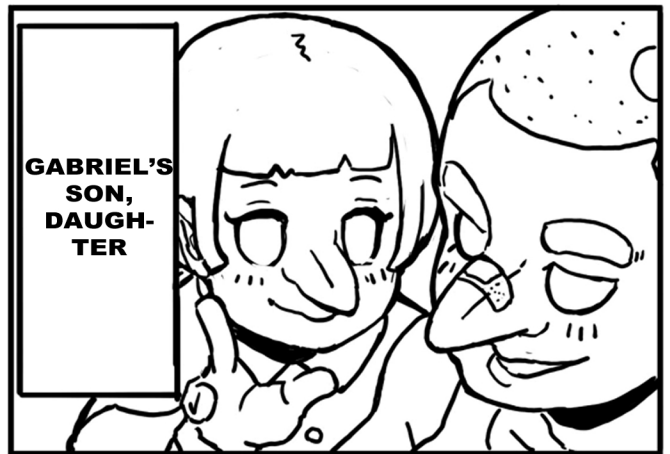
TL: Title: 浮世罪車: "Ukiyo" (浮世) is a type of Japanese woodblock print. The second half (罪車) combines "guilt" with "vehicle" (車) and is a play on the word for "gear" (歯車).

In panel 3, Ky says 「白銀の迅雷」, which is actually the name of the novel, *Guilty Gear X: Lightning the Argent*.

The Delightful Gabriel Family 2



The Delightful Gabriel Family 1





H. Sakamura
APRIL 2024

Miracle of Illyria

By Robo-shain

「イリュリアの奇跡」- ロボ社員

It was a peaceful afternoon.

Robo-Ky was in the middle of what one might call his daily routine—considering he'd already forgotten how many times he'd done it — "bride hunting."

"SIGH. EVERYWHERE YOU LOOK, THERE'S NOTHING BUT DISGUSTING COUPLES BEING ALL LOVEY-DOVEY. THIS BORDERLINE ANARCHY IS EXACTLY WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS COUNTRY NOWADAYS."

His body swayed from side to side as he trudged along, the spring air surrounding him still somewhat chilly.

"EVEN THAT USELESS ORIGINAL FOUND A PERFECT PARTNER... AGH- WHOA!"

"O- OH NO...!"

As he let out that pitiful shriek, Robo-Ky was struck by an incredible force. His inadequately maintained alloy body was sent flying like it was nothing.

His head, which had somehow managed to remain in the same spot, deftly spun around to get visual confirmation of his opponent.

"...BED?"

It was a worn-out machine that seemed familiar yet unfamiliar at the same time, with a young girl standing next to it.

He remembered enough to recognize it as a "bed," but couldn't recall any details beyond that at all. Perhaps his storage had been damaged by the impact?

Still, judging by the girl's reaction, even Robo-Ky could deduce that the one responsible for said impact was, in fact, that bed-like thing.

"Ack! A talking h-head...!"

"YOU WATCH YOUR MOUTH! I AM A SUPER ROBOT WHO HAS SURPASSED HUMAN- WHOA! HEY, YOU! STOP THIS CRAZY MACHINE!"

The bed had firmly pinned down the already immobile Robo-Ky with its tire-like appendage.

"It's wriggling around so much, even though it's only a head... Gross..."

He opened his mouth to say something along the lines of wanting to dip this brat headfirst into some cheap rocket fuel, but then stopped and closed it again.

“HRM. THIS IS A CONUNDRUM.”

“Huh?”

“TEN MORE YEARS... MAYBE. WE GOT A NICE FOUNDATION HERE.”

“Ten years...? And then what?”

Just as Robo-Ky’s mouth was about to form an answer, the bed blew away his head without a hint of mercy.

What little oil remained inside now gushed forth, painting a beautiful arch in the distance.

It is said that the people who witnessed this believed it to be a meteor that had miraculously appeared during the daytime, and they rejoiced. Thus, the tale of these events was passed down through the ages.

The End.

Paper Bags Are Neat

By Dababa

「紙袋って、いいな」 - だばば

“Ahh...”

It was a day with heavy rain. And although Faust held tightly onto his umbrella while he was out on a walk, a car recklessly passed by him at tremendous speed. He was pelted by a torrent of large water droplets, drenching him from head to toe. Of course, the paper bag he was wearing got completely soaked as well.

Stumbling, Faust hurried back home. Without delay, he washed his hands, gargled, and dried off his entire body. Then, he gingerly removed the now soggy and limp paper bag from his head... And rather than throwing it away, he placed it on a well-ventilated shelf — which he called “the waiting room” — before rushing to the closet.

He opened the door to reveal a large variety of paper bags stuffed inside.

"Which... to choose...?"

With fingers as thin as dead twigs, he browsed through the paper bags, one by one.

A paper bag that would suit his current mood... A paper bag with a style he hadn't chosen recently...

A rainy, splashy, blue kind of mood...

“Blue...?”

He pulled out a thick, glossy, deep blue paper bag. It was durable, and even seemed water-repellent, so maybe he could get back at the rain with this one.

Triumphantly, Faust jabbed the bag with his finger, to poke a hole into it.

“...Ow.”

It was too durable, so that wasn't gonna work out!

“Next patient, please...”

His next pick was a white paper bag with an embossed floral pattern, and foil stamping on all four corners.

He'd forgotten how he obtained such a whimsical, lovely paper bag, but he just quickly poked a hole in it, put it on, and looked in the mirror.

“Ah... cute...”

He was so cute. To think that he had the potential to be this cute...

...To think that just one choice could make him feel this excited about himself...

“Mustn't... get hooked...”

He really shouldn't be relying on something such as this to get attention. So, he shook his head, and decided to pass up on it this time.

“Next patient, please...”

For now, he wanted to choose the same type of paper bag he always wore.

To the untrained eye, they looked like completely ordinary kraft paper bags with no strings. However, according to Faust, kraft paper not only comes in unbleached, semi-bleached, bleached, and other variants, plus hundreds of different colors — but if you also consider aspects such as the thickness of the paper or jagged edges, no two paper bags in the world are the same.

Therefore, two thirds of the closet were filled with what looked like regular paper bags. But to Faust, each and every one of them was both precious and priceless.

One of them caught his eye, so he picked it up to try it out. It seemed almost ideal in terms of texture, size, how easy it was to poke a hole in it, and how secure it felt to him. He swiftly poked a hole into it and put it on.

“Whoa...”

It smelled of delicious bread. If it ends up being sunny tomorrow, he should go out and get another paper bag like this one.

Drifting Mirror

By Anonymous

「漂う鏡」 - 匿名希望

“Funny isn’t it? Against all my best judgment, you’re the only one I have fun swinging this sword at.”

She laughs. At none other than herself.

However, the blade she holds in her hand does not tremble in the slightest. Its tip remains firmly between my eyes, latched onto my life, refusing to let go.

I misjudged her. I just assumed she was a performer who speaks with actions rather than words. This conversation is completely off-script. She’s obviously ad-libbing all of it. Is she going for a monologue? Venting her frustrations? Having a discussion? In any case, this is pointless. There’s no drama in this.

“I hate to admit it, but you’re fighting your own battle. It can’t be easy, being nobody’s friend or foe—Not having anyone to rely on. You didn’t choose your path, so why accept it?”

Seems like she thinks of my state of being as an “eternal curse;” she’s biased, of course. But, I can’t completely deny it, either. For starters, I myself don’t even have the words to accurately describe the chaos that resides within me. Because I’ve forgotten every last one of them. Feelings and memories. Forgetting is one of the few virtues I have. In other words, that “curse” is what makes me who I am, I guess.

“Don’t tell me I’m the only one who can save you?”

No, you’re not gonna save me. Man, why did it have to be you?

Win or lose, there’s nothing in it for me. Only self-containment. Nothing but myself, beyond the entangled cause and effect. I can see the conclusion. No creative freedom, no room for interpretation. A tale of self-importance to the end. What value could something like that hold?

“My blade can’t touch folks who don’t doubt themselves. But you — you’ve rejected yourself entirely, but your reason for being holds firm. Something keeps you tethered. But what? How can you possibly win? What do you hold in your heart? Atonement, salvation, ruin, hope, desire, equilibrium. You’re prepared for all of it?”

I don’t mind. I forgot about my resolve in two seconds, though. I’m honestly fine with anything, or nothing at all. Whatever she sees and feels it to be. ‘Cause I’m not the one who chooses. It’s whoever’s inside me.

“I don’t get it. That’s a hell of a way to find out how weak you are.”

And then there's her.

She's not looking at me, she's staring deep into my very being. By doing so, she brings me, and more importantly, herself, into sharp relief. Like a mirror without light. I thought I'd abandoned myself somewhere along the way. But there I am, standing right before my eyes. Along with the fear I'd given up on ever feeling again.

Something like this is necessity, not drama. Just a sad excuse for a one-man show. I'm sure we'll never stand on the same stage again. This must be our cause and effect.

But, even if that's the case—

“I've never seen an eye like that before.”

“That's 'cause I've never seen one like you before.”

—the old me must've had the freedom of choice, too.



THE STORY OF

COMING SOON

Ghoichi Kitazono

Night at the May Ship

By KOH Capybara

「メイシップでの或夜」 - KOHカピバラ

“...And then, the legless warrior said to me...”

I put on an ominous voice. May and April held their breath.

“...Give me...

Give me your sword!!”

“Eeeeeek!!!!”

They both screamed and clung onto each other.

Haha, if it scared them that much, telling that story was worth it.

Today, May invited me and Delilah over to her ship.

Really, I meant to send Delilah off by herself, but she begged me to come along.

If I do anything that upsets her when she gives me that look, it takes forever for her to quit sulking.

When that happens, I get stuck with laundry duty for a week. And I do not want that.

I was planning on going home by myself after dinner, but then May insisted that I stay the night.

“Alright, story time’s over. I’m going to bed. You girls oughta sleep, too.”

Smiling, May and April went “Okay~” before heading to their beds.

I scanned the room for Delilah. Seems like she dozed off during my story. She was sound asleep on the guest bed.

After I told the three of them goodnight and heard May and April’s replies, I slowly closed the door.

Then, I sat by myself in the ship’s dining room. Drinking the rest of my sake, smoking my pipe, waiting until I’d feel sleepy.

Around half an hour later, I heard a noise coming from the hallway.

pitter

At first I thought it was just one of the pirates walking around, so I didn’t pay it any mind.

It sounded like someone was randomly stumbling around the hallway in front of the dining room.

pitter, patter

The sound kept going on like this with no clear pattern.

I got a bit curious and stuck my head out of the door, to ask what was happening in the hallway.

It was as dimly lit as before. The temperature had gotten a bit colder compared to the dining room, though. Perhaps someone turned up the air conditioning?

But I didn't see anybody around. The ship's air made my lips feel dry.

Finding it suspicious, I went to sit down on the couch in the dining room, gave the stem of my pipe a good smack, and let the leaves fall into the ashtray.

Just then, the sound came from the hallway again.

pitter, patter

"Is there anything you're scared of?"

I remembered that the pirate Octy had asked this while we were having dessert after dinner. Because of that, we all started talking about ghosts, and along the way I somehow ended up telling that ghost story.

In truth, I've never thought of ghosts or spirits as scary.

Now that the Theory of Magical Science has been developed as much as it has, most things can be explained just by saying "it's magic."

Still...

pitter, patter

pitter, patter

pat

The sound seemed to have stopped right in front of the dining room.

It wasn't even summer, yet I felt sweat run down my neck.

I didn't... have my sword.

When we boarded the ship, I left all my weapons with July and August.

I braced myself and stood up, deliberately stomping my feet as I approached the door. After taking a deep breath, I grabbed it by the knob and swung it open without further hesitation.

There was nothing there but the dim hallway.
I sighed with relief.

“Big Sis.”

“D'aaargh!!”

The source of the voice was none other than Delilah, standing in the hallway, off to the side. She was right in my blind spot, so I didn't notice her.

“...O-Oh, it's you, Delilah. What's wrong, I thought you were asleep.”

I might've been flustered and started talking a little too fast.

Delilah looked down as she muttered her answer.

Apparently, she was wandering around because she didn't know where the bathroom was.

“...”

I let out a long sigh and took Delilah to the bathroom.

She was still looking down after she was done, and so I sent her back to bed.

Just before she entered the room, I heard her mumble “good night.”

As for me, I went to a guest room they had prepared.

I fell into bed as soon as I'd untied my hair.

Slowly, the tension left my body.

...Actually, the bathroom was diagonally across from the room that Delilah and the others were sleeping in. It was just a few steps away.

As a courtesy, it even had a sign by it that clearly read “TOILET,” illuminated with a night light, so one should be able to see it in the dark.

In other words...

“She was just pretending to be asleep, huh.”

So, she did listen to my ghost story.

She must have feigned sleep, so no one would see that she was scared.

That's why she missed her chance to use the bathroom earlier, I bet.

And then she was wandering around in the dark, probably contemplating whether she should call out to me or not.

My lips curled into a faint smile. Now I was starting to relax.

Maybe I'll tease her a bit about it tomorrow. It'll probably drive her up the wall. It might even earn me two weeks of laundry duty. Though maybe that won't be so bad...

Savoring the feeling of satisfaction that softly spread within me, I let myself slip into a pleasant slumber.

End.

CHARACTER CONTRASTS

FOR
CHARLOTTE'S
K-VERSION
MOVES, IT'S
BEST TO
TIME YOUR
JUMPS!

**GAMEPLAY
STRATEGIES
TAUGHT BY
ELPHELT**

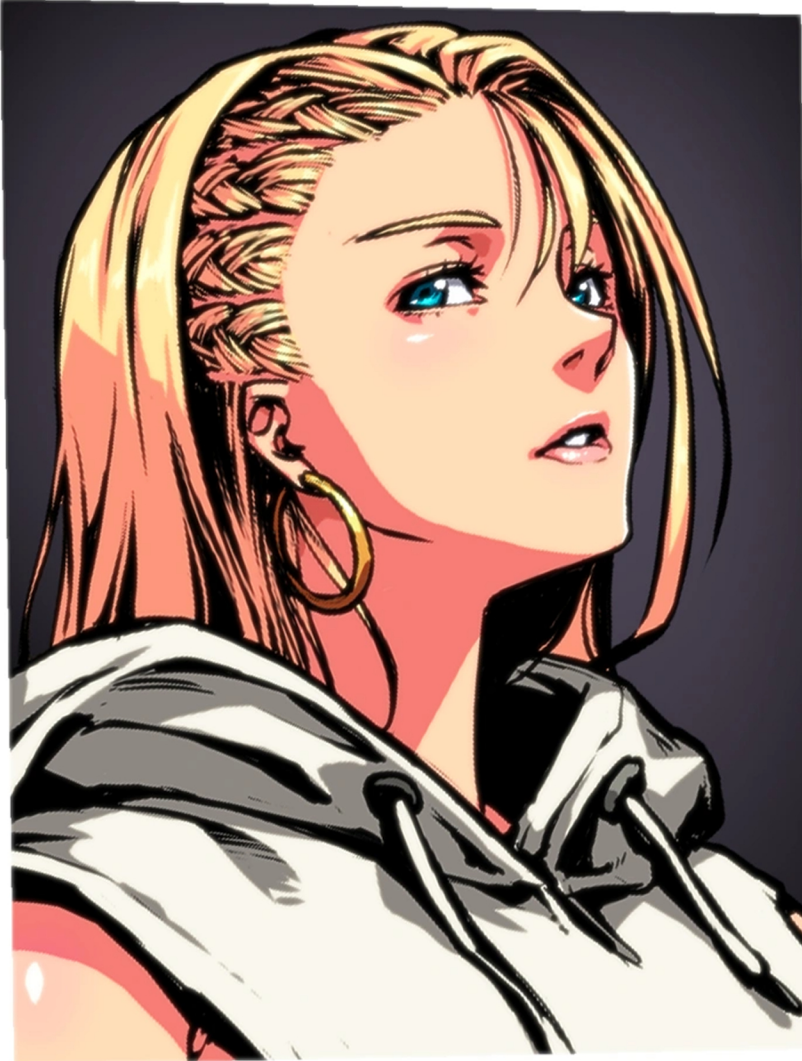
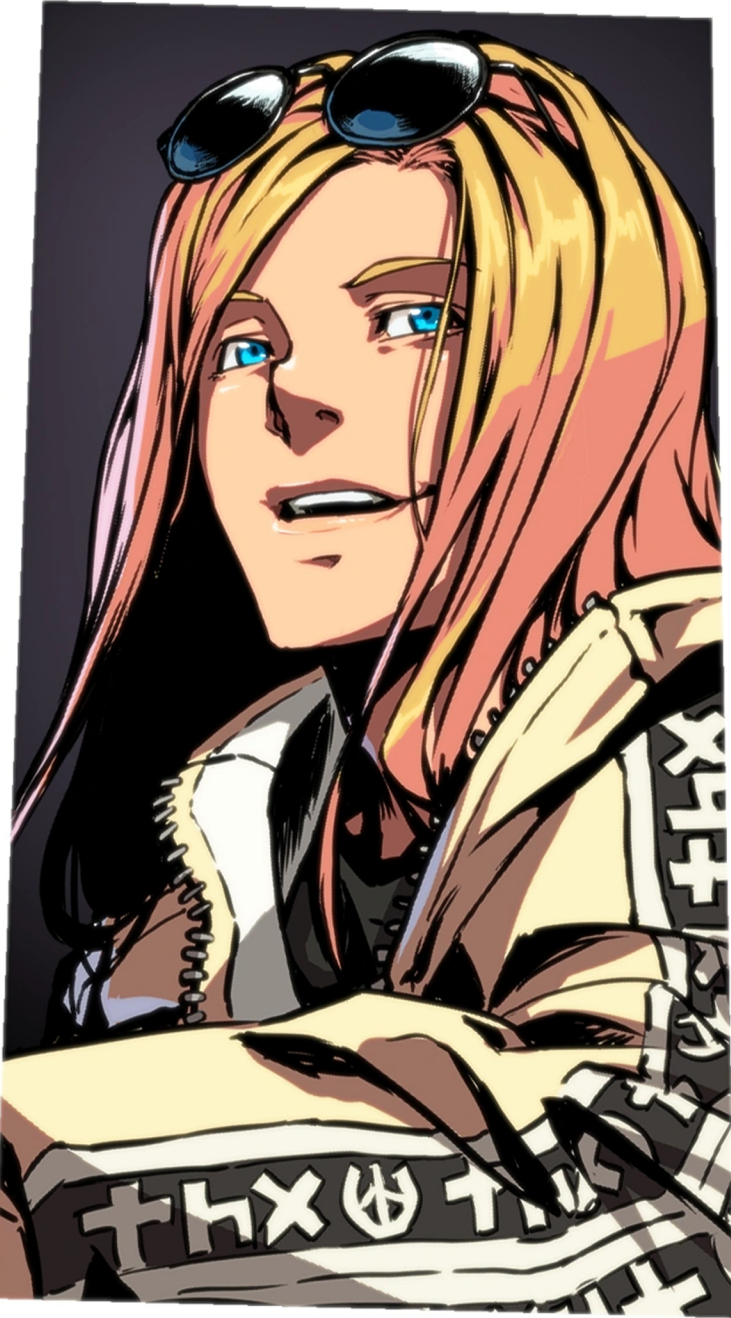
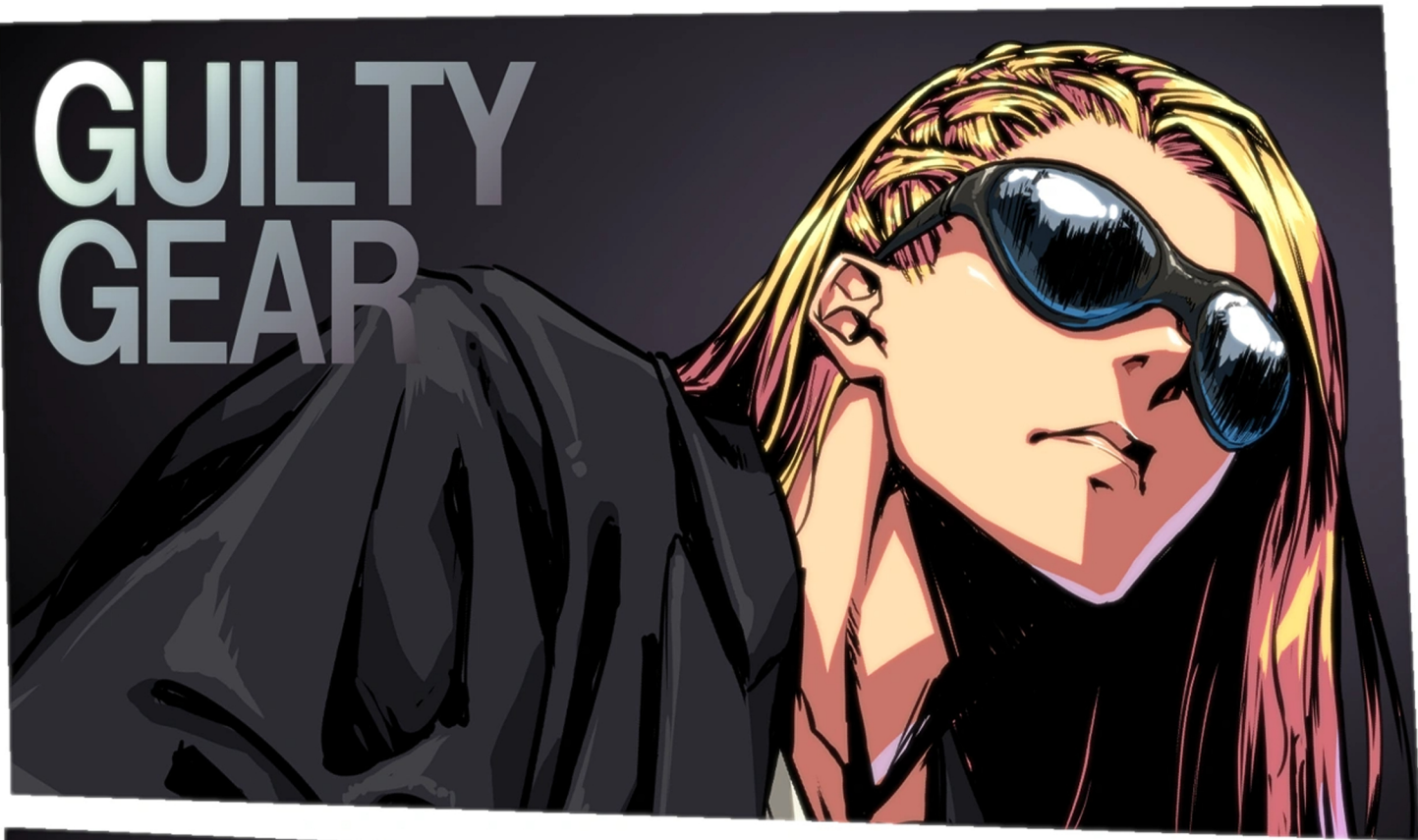
TWIRL
THE
LEVER
AND
MASH
BUTTONS
AT
RANDOM

**MISS
RANDOMAY**

TL: デタラメイちゃん; THE JAPANESE TEXT
COMBINED THE WORD FOR "RANDOM/
NONSENSE" (デタラメ; DETARAME) WITH
MAY'S NAME (メイ; MEI)



**SECTION
MANAGER
OZAWA**



Street Light

By Planner M

「街灯」 - プランナーM

“ISN’T IT ABOUT CLOSING TIME?”

“Right, we’re almost sold out. Could you clean up in the back today?”

“ALRIGHT. DON’T FORGET TO CALCULATE THE SALES.”

How many months has it been since I came here?

To be honest, I did not expect to be accepted by this town as quickly as I was.

At times, my past actions still weigh heavily on my heart.

However, the townspeople’s smiles, their words of gratitude — they never fail to soothe it.

And so, every passing day leaves me feeling happy and fulfilled.

Suddenly, the doorbell chimed.

I was certain I had just put up the “Closed” sign, but a customer might have overlooked it.

Regrettably, I would have to ask them to leave.

“Apologies, but we are closed for the-”

I fell silent the moment I turned to the door and saw the one who had just entered the shop.

“You’re...”

A fearless expression lurking behind a pair of sunglasses.

A well-toned body showing from beneath a black coat.

In spite of the laid-back aura emanating from him, I could find no opening in his posture.

I know of only one man with such a presence.

“Is this that famous place where they got a handsome boy baking some really good bread?”

“...I don’t have an answer to that question. But this is indeed a bakery.”

Johnny, leader of a group of chivalrous bandits known as the Jellyfish Pirates.

Although we were loosely acquainted, I couldn’t think of any reason why he would come to meet me in person like this.

And our acquaintance went back to my time as an assassin. Therefore, the situation was even more difficult for me to assess.

...Still, I had no reason to be discourteous towards him.

He at least showed no signs of hostility or nosiness.

“Your visit is appreciated, but we do not have any of our best-selling products left at this time of day. It would be preferable if you arrived before the sun has set.”

“What’re you talking about? If a handsome specimen of a man such as myself showed his face during prime time when all the ladies are out shopping, your business would go down the tubes.”

“Huh...? Er, thank you for your consideration...”

I wasn’t sure of his intentions, or what he was even talking about.
Nonetheless, I thanked him for his — in his own way — thoughtful words and actions.

“...Oh, I get it, you’re a clueless fella... I can see how that’d make you popular.”

He looked dumbfounded for a moment and began muttering something to himself, but soon directed his attention back to me.

“I know this is sudden, but I came over ‘cause I got a personal question for you.”

“For me?”

“Yep. After all, you’re not just an up-and-coming young baker who suddenly showed up in town. You’re also a hero who keeps an eye on the scoundrels and protects the town’s peace.”

How does he know about that...?

Although, thinking back, it was I who raised my voice in defiance towards those men in the alleyway. No one else.

I shouldn’t wonder if word of said incident has since been spread by the elderly man who bore witness to it.

And in any case, considering the vast information network at his disposal, he may have sources I could not even guess at...

“So, here’s my question—Are you willing to risk your life for this town?”

...Where was this going?

There was no need to think about it. The answer to his question was etched into every fiber of my being.

“What a foolish thing to ask. If it’s for the sake of that which I must protect, I will gladly throw away my-”

“Now, hold up.”

He cut me off with such a firm tone that my breath caught in my throat.
It wasn’t aggressive or domineering. And yet, his voice shook me to my core.
He carried on like that.

“You wanna protect this town, right? But I’m sure there’s more to it than the town itself.”

“...That is correct. The people and the bonds between them. Their feelings, their hopes. I wish to protect the web of connections woven into this town to the best of my abilities.”

All of this was true.

I doubt a man like him would assume I could speak these words without the determination they demanded.

“You know...”

Seeming almost in disbelief, he looked me straight in the eye while he spoke.

“You’re a part of that web, too. 'Course, so’s your friend in the back.”

“...What?”

Indeed, there was no denying that the townspeople would support me every day. And as such, I may have been made a part of their web myself... Thinking about it, I suppose I did feel that way.

But to me, the most important thing of all was to protect this... That’s why...

“You’re looking kinda troubled there, son. That hard to take yourself into consideration? If you’re not even aware of it, this might be a more deep-seated issue, huh...?”

I was at a loss for words. It might have been a harsh thing to say, but I knew full well that he’d hit the nail on the head.

“Here’s the thing though — You and your friend are part of this town now. So, if you wanna protect this town, you know where the best place to start is, right?”

"But I-!"

“No buts! Listen, I’m not one to just complain, so let me give you a little lesson.”

He made a pistol shape with his hand, pointed it in my direction and solemnly continued.

“I know that you’ve been literally putting your life on the line for as long as you’ve had it. But from now on...”

He took off his sunglasses, piercing me with a stern glare.

“Never throw your life away. But do risk your life. That’s the way a man’s oughta fight.”

He concluded with those words.

“...Well, I’m gonna be protecting all of the ladies myself. So you only gotta protect half the people.”

I could have taken it as a flippant remark, but it didn't seem like a joke. The tension surrounding us just moments ago had completely dissipated.

I thought I had died as an assassin and then been reborn, but...
Contrary to my expectations, life in the sunlight doesn't always go as planned.

"Well, I gotta get going now. Bread's the best when it's freshly baked, so I'll ask someone in my crew to stop by while the sun's still up."

He put his sunglasses back on and turned to leave.

"In that case, let them know that we will give them a discount if they mention your name. Consider it payment for the lesson you just gave me."

"Whoa there, I wasn't gonna bug you about it or nothing."

He laughed with a shrug and made his way towards the exit, only to turn back around one more time.

"I appreciate it, though. Well then, see ya later."

"...I must also express my gratitude. Please visit us again."

I bowed deeply as I watched his figure slip outside.

"HEY! I'M ALMOST DONE OVER HERE! WHAT THE HECK ARE YOU DOING?!"

I could hear my friend call out from further inside, sounding impatient.

"Oh, my apologies. I'm sorry to ask, but could you help me out with this?"

"UGH, WHAT AM I GONNA DO WITH YOU...? I SWEAR, YOU BETTER OIL ME LATER!"

Everyday life resumed.

Everyday life... I, Venom, find it to be both difficult and invaluable.

Something I must protect above all else.

And I must be aware that I, too, have made myself a part of it.

However, I know there is no need for me to rush. For this is not something one can rush to obtain.

"I will... protect this town. As one of the people of this town."



GUILTY GEAR



GUILTY GEAR
— STRIVE —

A.B.A
JOINS THE FIGHT!

**PLAY THE NEW GUILTY
GEAR CHARACTER, NOW!**

© ARC SYSTEM WORKS

WHO WILL SIT NEXT TO YOU?

WHAT A PAIN IN THE
ASS

IT'S GETTING IN THE
WAY OF HOMEWORK

GET THE HELL AWAY
FROM ME!

THIS GUY...

WHAT'S THAT?
THESE GRADES
ARE...

THIS IS...
THE BEST SCHOOL
AROUND!





GUILTY GEAR
STRIVE

***THE NEXT CHARACTER IS
READY TO ROCK***



GUILTY GEAR
STRIVE

**SEASON 4.1
DLC CHARACTER**



**MALCOLM
MYERS**